# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME THE DAILY

### A Deacon's Deal.

SHORT STORY

By JOHN BOYLAN.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HERE is an ancient idea still floating around that because a man is a church deacon he must take the small end of the bargain when he buys or sells. If he trades horses he must take a blind one in ex-change and be thankful that the equine has four legs to move about

If he makes cider to sell he must turn out the pure quill, whereas any one else is excused for a dilution of five pails of water to a barrel.

For about fifteen years Deacon Goodhue had been governed by the ancient idea, and had been looked upon as a man that would be a leader among the angels, but all of a sudden there came a change. He had been thinking things over, and when he killed an early fall pig he did not send the remains around among the nearest ten families, as had been his wont, and keep the ears and bristles for his portion. And hereupon the people exclaimed:

Deacon Goodhue has surely back-

"Within a month he'll be selling milk instead of giving it away!" "He can't develop such a spirit as

this and expect to remain in the Deacon Goodhue dug thirty bushels of potatoes from his garden that fall, and instead of giving away twenty of them and living on turnips after Jan-uary, he stored every peck of them in his own cellar. Some folks said that the evil omen had surely got noid of him, and some almost excused his un-heard of unwarranted conduct by in-

sisting that he was losing his mind. Whatever it was, he kept right on springing his surprises. 3rother Absalom Springtree had a sick cow. He asked a tin peddler to liagnose the case, and, after looking at her eyes and twisting her tail, the man looked wise and said:

"That 're cow has got a bad case of the holler horn."

"Shoo! Will she die of it?" "The chances are nine out of ten

that she will." What had I better do about it?"

"Trade her off, and that without a day's delay. Don't you know of any one around here you can stick?"
"Um! Why, there is Deacon Good-

"Go for him!"

The cow was driven over to the deacon's. He stood a rod away and and looked her over and shook his head and replied:
"Bad case of holler horn."

"But you can cure it."
"I don't want to. Let her dis on your hands."

That reply went to the parson, and he was asked to entertain charges. "Was there any cheating on the part of the deacon?" he asked.
"N-o-o, not skapsly."

"Then what can he be charged

Why, refusing to do a neighborly plied:

act!"
"You believe in Moses, don't you?"

ever a man in all the world such a silly

this time, Mrs. Margie, that I wrote

thoughts out loud . otalk with her of

over a restaurant table and this one

story of the American Beauty rose,

took place there. I told her the whole

and at the end read to her the poem.

but we were so interested—at least, I

was so interested—in what I was say-ing that I might as well have been

with her in the middle of a trackless

forest for all anyone else meant to me.

All at once I looked up and found her

"'Of course I care,' she said tremu-lously, drawing her hand away before

it was noticed by the busy diners.
"'But you must know that I don't

love her, and you must also know that

if I had cared particularly I would nev-

er have told you anything about it. I need not have done so, but I would as

soon think of lying or evading the is-sue with myself as with you."
"She smiled her tender smile and

said, 'Yes, I presume I should feel com-plimented that you have so much confidence in me and I suppose the hap-pening is what any woman, married or not to the man she loves may expect, but you see, boy, it is something no woman can understand.

"'You say you love me and yet you know you have almost forgotten me utterly the last few weeks. Don't you see, dear, that there are now three women in your life? There is your wife who, however much you disclaim it, still has a certain hold on your affections. She has become a habit, an everlasting and ever-increasing responsibility. She means dignity, reectability, a certain place in the affairs and regard of your fellows. 'Although when you are tired and

This time my nand shot across the table—'Why—why, dear heart,' I stam-mered, 'you don't care, do you?'

The dining room was full of people

"Most of our conversations were

everything and anything I did.

of myself that it was only saying my buttonhole."

ass as that?"
"Well, this is what he writes-

"Of course, parson."

as I finished it to him.

heart," I answered.

the little poem.

red and Passed

The yarn about this picture is that it is a picture about yarn and its uses in modern warfare. Evidently these wayfarers of warfare are faring so well with the fair they will hate to say farewell. The boys of Governor's Island have with them today the girls of the "Oh, Boy!" company, and oh, boy! how those officers did like to learn to knit! As the title shows, the picture was "censored and passed by the committee on public information," despite its frank revelation of the latest barbed yarn entanglements which General Capid has set to snare those unaware.

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for

EGGLESS, BUTTERLESS AND MILKLESS GINGERBREAD Worth trying. Mothers, teach young girls to make it-no doubt you will have it several times a week. It is wholesome and food value good.

Liquids-One-half cup molasses, one-third cup hot water, three tablespoons lard, melted. Dry Ingredients-Two cups flour, one-half cup brown sugar, one teaspoon ginger, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt.

Mix dry ingredients well, add liquids and beat until thoroughly mixed. Pour in a shallow, well greased pan and bake 25 minutes in a moderate

"He was a good man."

"A mighty good man."
"He was the owner of cows?" "He was."

"Do you thnik he would trade a good cow for one with the hollow months behind!'

The caller went away disgruntled, and the deacon kept right on being good to himself.

The caller went away disgruntled, tist. He worked up to a climax. Perhaps it was because he was not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a bis not a business man that he got a

No deacon has ever been considered a good business man, and when it was known that Deacon . Goodhue was branching out a little it was predicted

The eggs he sent to market would deacon's offer for the land was all addle.

That the butter would all turn law, however, if a single objection rowny. frowny.

That the strawberries would turn a certain length of time.

sour, and that the calfskins would be

:: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE ::

"After the man wrote that poem, out of sorts, and you look at me across

I finished it to him.
"He read it to the woman in his ing its story of love and flowers in

eart," I answered.
"Good Lord!" exclaimed Dick. "was ture a never-ending courtship there.

what did he do with it?" asked Dick this or some other little table and all

"Oh, I don't know."
"But you will surely talk to him?"

"'You have never grown up, boy You still have the long, long dreams

"'And then to be thrown away.' I

"'That is the tragedy of life.' she an-

"She rose from the table and we parted. I have never seen her since

and I have never wanted to see the

American Beauty. So I am plodding

whispered softly.

vant to her whims.

all quite fair to me?"

swered, 'to be cast away.'

The widow Raymond had filed an a losing venture.

They went to the parson again, and some five years before, and to put it after he had heard the story he re- in her words when the deacon called

"But you will surely talk to him?"
"Oh, yes. I will tell him that I isn't there?"

wished more men of the world at-

"In which event my salary, poor as is, would not be from five to six

Deacon Goodhue was like a drama

business man that he got a hint that a railroad was coming to town, and

that the site of the depot and a re-pair shop would just cover what was

the town graveyard. There had been

tal; for years about abandoning the

tended my church!"
"Parson Stebbins!" was gasped.

"Gabriel will blow his horn."

"And the quick and the dead will

"Deacon Goodhue, how far is it om this to the town of Guilford?" "Just seven miles, wider."

"And a straight road?" There haint a bend in it."

"Well, everybody in this village knows that my Peter used to start for Guilford every Saturday for years and years." 'He did, widder-he did.

of youth. You still have the irrespon "Of course, the beauty rose episode was soon over, but while it lasted it was an obsession and it was during when the one of tomorrow looms up. "And everybody :lso knows that he got lost as regularly as he started.

"Two days, widder, and sometimes "'Your American beauty rose is only an episode, I grant you, but there are "When Grabriel blows that horn

'The woman in my heart arrived orchids and chrysanthemums and carone day quite unexpectedly, just when nations in the garden of fair women.

I was most interested in the American

The whole world, wherever you go, is ain't there goin' to be such a bustlin' and hustlin' as this world has never Beauty rose. I had not the slightest planted with the fragrance and beauty "Ouite likely." idea of concealment. The woman in of human blossoms which are waiting "Peter will be among 'em. When my heart had become so much a part to be gathered and worn in some man's

he pops out of his grave he'll take a look around, and if he sees the same old landmarks he'll hustl straight for the golden gates. If he's been dug up and buried in a strange spot it'll be like goin' to Guilford over again, and the gates will be shet agin hin. No. I want to give Peter a fair show with the rest of 'em, and I shan't withdraw my protest." "Did the deacon argue the point?"

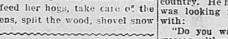
"Not a bit of it." "Did he offer a whooping big price,

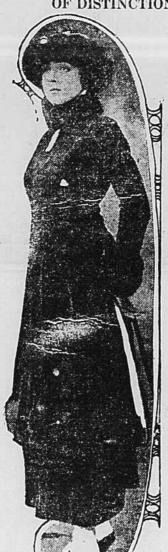
along, working hours to keep my pret-ty wife in idleness and playing the ser ard thereby arouse the widow's cupidity, and start her making in-"Do you think Mrs. Margie, that it is "Not at all. He just went home

and sat down and thought aloud: 'When a widder woman is a widder most sigh for?' woman what does she want most on

"When a widder woman has to make her own garden, milk her own cow, feed her hogs, take care of the enickens, split the wood, shovel snow

### A STREET DRESS OF DISTINCTION





By BETT / BROWN.

NEW YORK .- A becoming street dress is this gown of jersey cloth in dark brown, with its trimming of soft, dark fur. Although the whole costume keeps to the slenger lines demanded by the season and the bodice is really tight-fitting, the skirt boasts a side panel which loops gracefully near the hem to show a white satin facing. A rather broad front panel ends ever with the side drapings, and is banded

with the fur. The close fit of the bodice is achieved by deep darts taken at each side

front and headed with a small embroidered tri-color.

and build her own fires what does she "For a man, of course," he answered himself-"any fool knows that."

The deacon set out with horse and buggy and rode over most of the country. He finally found the man he was looking for, and accosted him

"Do you want to marry a widder pineapple tapioca and cream woman with about \$3,000?"

Wednesday.

"You bet your hat I do!" was the ready reply. It did not take over half an hour

to settle the details, but the deacon thought best to wait ten days longer before calling on the Widow Ray-mond again. She met him with a smile and said:

"Deacon, I am ready to withdraw my protest."

"Has something happened, Widder?" he innecently queried.
"I am going to marry a man named Rosers."

"You don't say!"

"Yep. No more single bleascaness But about Peter when the horn

"Oh, as to that, I've been thakin'. If Peter, when the jedgment day comes, can't keep up with the scramble, he must put up with the best he

And when the villagers heard that the deacon had made a clear \$15,000 by securing a husband for the widow and selling her property to the railroads, they went to the parson again.

"As I take it," he replied, "the widow couldn't look around, and so the deacon did it for her.' 'But he made \$15,000."

"And out of it he has paid up my back salary, and is going to repaint the meeting house and provide it with a spire and pew cushions. The dea

## WAR TIME MENUS.

BY BIDDY BYE.

Most housekeepers hope that the government control of foodstuffs will mean lower prices immediately. Cheaper food means greater waste

in too many homes, but only a kitchen slacker will permit any such waste in the present world-wide food crisis. Whether its cost is high or low, our food must be saved, and our surplus sent to our allies. Wheatless and meatless days must be planned for in every set of war-time menus. Sunday. Breakfast—Baker apples and cream,

rice, griddle cakes, coffee

Dinner - Tomato bouillon, round steak en casserolle with vegetables sweet potatoes glace, endive salad grape juice sherber, small cakes, cof-

Supper - Buttered muffins, peach Supper — \_\_\_\_ marmalade, tea. Monday.

Breakfast-Oatmeal with top milk, oast, coffee. Luncheon-Stuffed peppers, brown

read, cocoa. Dinner-Shoulder chops of mutton baked potatoes, escalloped tomatoes fruit salad, wafers, coffee.

Tuesday. (Wheatless.) Breakfast-Grapes, fried mush and syrup, coffee.

Luncheon-Codfish cakes, rye gems Dinner - Hot hamburger loaf with

cakes, creamed cauliflower, rye bread

## Liberty Loan Bonds

Breakfast-Potato cakes and bacon, toast, coffee.

Luncheon - Lima bean puree and crackers, hot gingerbread, tea.

Dinner—ot hamHburger loaf with tomato sauce, mashed potatoes, beet salad, peach fritters and syrup, coffee.

Thursday. (Meatless.) Breakfast-Stewed prunes, graham

muffins, coffee.

Luncheon—Peanut biscuit, vegetable salad, tea.

Dinner - Individual macaroni and cheese, creamed cabbage, steaming sweet potatoes, cottage pudding, coffee.

Breakfast-Baked pears, milk toast,

Luncheon-Creamed fish, cold slaw. rolls, tea.
Dinner-Pork chops with apple sauce, sweet potato puff, creamed tur-

nips, lemon sponge pie, coffee. Saturday. (Meatless.) Breakfast-Stewed peaches, cereal

and cream, coffee. Luncheon-Rice with cheese sauce, egg salad, rolls, tea.

Dinner—Bean and pea loaf with

pimento sauce, creamed cabbage, spice cakes with hot chocolate sauce, cof-Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

## Jewelry

is about the only item that has not advanced in price, and its one thing that you get all you pay







use this CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER as \$1.50 towards the payment of this \$5, making a cash outlay of only \$1.50. As the cost of printing, paper and binding is constantly increasing we may not be able to secure an additional supply of books—
SO ACT QUICKLY.

We reserve the right to discontinue this special offer at any time. Those who do not use this Cash Discount Voucher must pay the full regular price of \$8.

The advantage of being one of our pay the full regular price of \$8.

The advantage of being one of our preders is proven by the actual serving under this discount offer.

t this CASH DISCOUNT VOUCHER with \$1.50 IN CASH at the office newspaper and secure the \$3. volume at once.

Be sure to endow the Discount to the office of the price of the

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS-(HELEN IS SOME LITTLE FIXER.)-BY ALLMAN.









